



**SHER AND LEVELER**  
erates and levels all soils, for  
s. Made entirely of cast  
re indestructible. They are  
arrows and pulverizers on  
uses, 3 to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet. We  
Ideal Harrow," free.  
THEIR SATISFACTORY. I deliver free on board at  
Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, &c.  
W. A. STRAUB CO., 111 W. Washington, D. C.  
Washington, N. J., or Chicago, Ill.

the disposition to make concessions has  
not entirely disappeared. Whether  
is change shall result in much if my  
vance has not yet been determined.  
at this is the time that was predicted  
the tightest pinch of the season, and  
should not be surprised if prices  
should take an upward turn before the  
creased market would necessitate a  
reduced tendency.

"We have cleaned up certain fine lots  
northern creamery this week at 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢  
at we could not get over 26¢ for last  
week, and we have some coming in at  
the shall ask 27¢ for," said a Blackstone  
street dealer, who usually gets the top of  
the market. Others said they were ask-  
ing half a cent more than last week, but  
most cases failed to get and did not  
think the actual selling price for round  
should be quoted as higher than a  
few ago. Sales were reported by differ-  
ent receivers at 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, 26¢ and 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢, but  
a majority decided that 26¢ was the  
eling price for round lots. Where more  
an that was obtained it was for fancy  
akes in a small way.

Jobbers did not see much chance for  
changing their prices, and they continued  
to meet the wants of their cus-  
tomers on the basis of 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ for fine  
lot. They feel a strong resis-  
tance of small buyers to pay high prices,  
and if the advance asked in a  
wholesale way has to be paid, of course  
the smaller buyers will have to come up  
the same ratio. The general feeling  
is around that butter is high enough  
present, and that when any change  
comes it ought to be downward, but gen-  
eral feeling does not always govern the  
market.

#### PORTLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 7, 1900.  
Corn and oats are both steady. The flour market  
continues quiet, with prices practically  
unchanged. Potatoes firmer at 60¢/70¢.  
Wool, 22¢/23¢; steady. Hay  
40¢/41¢; oats, 33¢/33 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; meal, 44¢/45¢.  
Apples—Eating apples, 8¢ 25¢/30¢/50¢ per  
lb. Dried, 6¢/7¢. Evaporated, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢/10¢/11¢/12¢/13¢/14¢/15¢/16¢/17¢/18¢/19¢/20¢/21¢/22¢/23¢/24¢/25¢/26¢/27¢/28¢/29¢/30¢/31¢/32¢/33¢/34¢/35¢/36¢/37¢/38¢/39¢/40¢/41¢/42¢/43¢/44¢/45¢/46¢/47¢/48¢/49¢/50¢/51¢/52¢/53¢/54¢/55¢/56¢/57¢/58¢/59¢/60¢/61¢/62¢/63¢/64¢/65¢/66¢/67¢/68¢/69¢/70¢/71¢/72¢/73¢/74¢/75¢/76¢/77¢/78¢/79¢/80¢/81¢/82¢/83¢/84¢/85¢/86¢/87¢/88¢/89¢/80¢/81¢/82¢/83¢/84¢/85¢/86¢/87¢/88¢/89¢/90¢/91¢/92¢/93¢/94¢/95¢/96¢/97¢/98¢/99¢/100¢/101¢/102¢/103¢/104¢/105¢/106¢/107¢/108¢/109¢/110¢/111¢/112¢/113¢/114¢/115¢/116¢/117¢/118¢/119¢/120¢/121¢/122¢/123¢/124¢/125¢/126¢/127¢/128¢/129¢/130¢/131¢/132¢/133¢/134¢/135¢/136¢/137¢/138¢/139¢/140¢/141¢/142¢/143¢/144¢/145¢/146¢/147¢/148¢/149¢/150¢/151¢/152¢/153¢/154¢/155¢/156¢/157¢/158¢/159¢/160¢/161¢/162¢/163¢/164¢/165¢/166¢/167¢/168¢/169¢/170¢/171¢/172¢/173¢/174¢/175¢/176¢/177¢/178¢/179¢/180¢/181¢/182¢/183¢/184¢/185¢/186¢/187¢/188¢/189¢/190¢/191¢/192¢/193¢/194¢/195¢/196¢/197¢/198¢/199¢/200¢/201¢/202¢/203¢/204¢/205¢/206¢/207¢/208¢/209¢/210¢/211¢/212¢/213¢/214¢/215¢/216¢/217¢/218¢/219¢/220¢/221¢/222¢/223¢/224¢/225¢/226¢/227¢/228¢/229¢/230¢/231¢/232¢/233¢/234¢/235¢/236¢/237¢/238¢/239¢/240¢/241¢/242¢/243¢/244¢/245¢/246¢/247¢/248¢/249¢/250¢/251¢/252¢/253¢/254¢/255¢/256¢/257¢/258¢/259¢/260¢/261¢/262¢/263¢/264¢/265¢/266¢/267¢/268¢/269¢/270¢/271¢/272¢/273¢/274¢/275¢/276¢/277¢/278¢/279¢/280¢/281¢/282¢/283¢/284¢/285¢/286¢/287¢/288¢/289¢/290¢/291¢/292¢/293¢/294¢/295¢/296¢/297¢/298¢/299¢/290¢/291¢/292¢/293¢/294¢/295¢/296¢/297¢/298¢/299¢/300¢/301¢/302¢/303¢/304¢/305¢/306¢/307¢/308¢/309¢/310¢/311¢/312¢/313¢/314¢/315¢/316¢/317¢/318¢/319¢/320¢/321¢/322¢/323¢/324¢/325¢/326¢/327¢/328¢/329¢/330¢/331¢/332¢/333¢/334¢/335¢/336¢/337¢/338¢/339¢/330¢/331¢/332¢/333¢/334¢/335¢/336¢/337¢/338¢/339¢/340¢/341¢/342¢/343¢/344¢/345¢/346¢/347¢/348¢/349¢/350¢/351¢/352¢/353¢/354¢/355¢/356¢/357¢/358¢/359¢/360¢/361¢/362¢/363¢/364¢/365¢/366¢/367¢/368¢/369¢/370¢/371¢/372¢/373¢/374¢/375¢/376¢/377¢/378¢/379¢/380¢/381¢/382¢/383¢/384¢/385¢/386¢/387¢/388¢/389¢/390¢/391¢/392¢/393¢/394¢/395¢/396¢/397¢/398¢/399¢/390¢/391¢/392¢/393¢/394¢/395¢/396¢/397¢/398¢/399¢/400¢/401¢/402¢/403¢/404¢/405¢/406¢/407¢/408¢/409¢/401¢/402¢/403¢/404¢/405¢/406¢/407¢/408¢/409¢/410¢/411¢/412¢/413¢/414¢/415¢/416¢/417¢/418¢/419¢/410¢/411¢/412¢/413¢/414¢/415¢/416¢/417¢/418¢/419¢/420¢/421¢/422¢/423¢/424¢/425¢/426¢/427¢/428¢/429¢/420¢/421¢/422¢/423¢/424¢/425¢/426¢/427¢/428¢/429¢/430¢/431¢/432¢/433¢/434¢/435¢/436¢/437¢/438¢/439¢/430¢/431¢/432¢/433¢/434¢/435¢/436¢/437¢/438¢/439¢/440¢/441¢/442¢/443¢/444¢/445¢/446¢/447¢/448¢/449¢/440¢/441¢/442¢/443¢/444¢/445¢/446¢/447¢/448¢/449¢/450¢/451¢/452¢/453¢/454¢/455¢/456¢/457¢/458¢/459¢/450¢/451¢/452¢/453¢/454¢/455¢/456¢/457¢/458¢/459¢/460¢/461¢/462¢/463¢/464¢/465¢/466¢/467¢/468¢/469¢/460¢/461¢/462¢/463¢/464¢/465¢/466¢/467¢/468¢/469¢/470¢/471¢/472¢/473¢/474¢/475¢/476¢/477¢/478¢/479¢/470¢/471¢/472¢/473¢/474¢/475¢/476¢/477¢/478¢/479¢/480¢/481¢/482¢/483¢/484¢/485¢/486¢/487¢/488¢/489¢/480¢/481¢/482¢/483¢/484¢/485¢/486¢/487¢/488¢/489¢/490¢/491¢/492¢/493¢/494¢/495¢/496¢/497¢/498¢/499¢/490¢/491¢/492¢/493¢/494¢/495¢/496¢/497¢/498¢/499¢/500¢/501¢/502¢/503¢/504¢/505¢/506¢/507¢/508¢/509¢/500¢/501¢/502¢/503¢/504¢/505¢/506¢/507¢/508¢/509¢/510¢/511¢/512¢/513¢/514¢/515¢/516¢/517¢/518¢/519¢/510¢/511¢/512¢/513¢/514¢/515¢/516¢/517¢/518¢/519¢/520¢/521¢/522¢/523¢/524¢/525¢/526¢/527¢/528¢/529¢/520¢/521¢/522¢/523¢/524¢/525¢/526¢/527¢/528¢/529¢/530¢/531¢/532¢/533¢/534¢/535¢/536¢/537¢/538¢/539¢/530¢/531¢/532¢/533¢/534¢/535¢/536¢/537¢/538¢/539¢/540¢/541¢/542¢/543¢/544¢/545¢/546¢/547¢/548¢/549¢/540¢/541¢/542¢/543¢/544¢/545¢/546¢/547¢/548¢/549¢/550¢/551¢/552¢/553¢/554¢/555¢/556¢/557¢/558¢/559¢/550¢/551¢/552¢/553¢/554¢/555¢/556¢/557¢/558¢/559¢/560¢/561¢/562¢/563¢/564¢/565¢/566¢/567¢/568¢/569¢/560¢/561¢/562¢/563¢/564¢/565¢/566¢/567¢/568¢/569¢/570¢/571¢/572¢/573¢/574¢/575¢/576¢/577¢/578¢/579¢/570¢/571¢/572¢/573¢/574¢/575¢/576¢/577¢/578¢/579¢/580¢/581¢/582¢/583¢/584¢/585¢/586¢/587¢/588¢/589¢/580¢/581¢/582¢/583¢/584¢/585¢/586¢/587¢/588¢/589¢/590¢/591¢/592¢/593¢/594¢/595¢/596¢/597¢/598¢/599¢/590¢/591¢/592¢/593¢/594¢/595¢/596¢/597¢/598¢/599¢/600¢/601¢/602¢/603¢/604¢/605¢/606¢/607¢/608¢/609¢/600¢/601¢/602¢/603¢/604¢/605¢/606¢/607¢/608¢/609¢/610¢/611¢/612¢/613¢/614¢/615¢/616¢/617¢/618¢/619¢/610¢/611¢/612¢/613¢/614¢/615¢/616¢/617¢/618¢/619¢/620¢/621¢/622¢/623¢/624¢/625¢/626¢/627¢/628¢/629¢/620¢/621¢/622¢/623¢/624¢/625¢/626¢/627¢/628¢/629¢/630¢/631¢/632¢/633¢/634¢/635¢/636¢/637¢/638¢/639¢/630¢/631¢/632¢/633¢/634¢/635¢/636¢/637¢/638¢/639¢/640¢/641¢/642¢/643¢/644¢/645¢/646¢/647¢/648¢/649¢/640¢/641¢/642¢/643¢/644¢/645¢/646¢/647¢/648¢/649¢/650¢/651¢/652¢/653¢/654¢/655¢/656¢/657¢/658¢/659¢/650¢/651¢/652¢/653¢/654¢/655¢/656¢/657¢/658¢/659¢/660¢/661¢/662¢/663¢/664¢/665¢/666¢/667¢/668¢/669¢/660¢/661¢/662¢/663¢/664¢/665¢/666¢/667¢/668¢/669¢/670¢/671¢/672¢/673¢/674¢/675¢/676¢/677¢/678¢/679¢/670¢/671¢/672¢/673¢/674¢/675¢/676¢/677¢/678¢/679¢/680¢/681¢/682¢/683¢/684¢/685¢/686¢/687¢/688¢/689¢/680¢/681¢/682¢/683¢/684¢/685¢/686¢/687¢/688¢/689¢/690¢/691¢/692¢/693¢/694¢/695¢/696¢/697¢/698¢/699¢/690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No crop can grow without Potash. Every blade of Grass, every grain of Corn, all Fruits and Vegetables must have it. If enough is supplied you can count on a full crop—if too little, the growth will be scrubby."

Send for our book telling all about composition of fertilizers best adapted for all crops. They cost you nothing.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

#### AGRICULTURAL.

—When a New England farmer or fruit grower abandons his land, goes West, and there in some state "boomed" into celebrity, it is only kept from starving by Eastern charity, it doesn't prove that the soil of New England is worthless. Not many starve on Eastern farms.

—We have heard that "farming don't pay." We thought of it as we passed the broad acres of O. W. & S. J. Adams in Hiram, and counted their 42 Herefords, and the veteran orchardist, Mr. W. W. Adams, took us into the cellar to see 1,500 bushels of bright, rosy Baldwins.

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—The annual meeting of the Somerset Central Agricultural Society was held, Saturday, at Skowhegan, and the following officers elected: President, S. W. Gould; first vice-president, J. D. Packard; second vice-president, W. H. Weston; trustees, C. W. Day, E. D. Packard, R. T. Patten; secretary, H. A. Archer; treasurer, A. R. Bixby. For several years the society has not held its annual cattle show and fair, but through the efforts of Mr. Gould, assisted by the other officers and members, Skowhegan will, next October, have the biggest and best show and fair in that part of the state.

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—H. L. Lucas and wife moved from Industry to Lexington 42 years ago the 28th of March, 1900. They moved on to the farm they now occupy which consists of 116 acres with a lot of 50 acres more on the hill above. They have one of the finest farms in town, the tillage land being intervale pleasantly located on Sandy stream. Mr. Lucas is now 72 years of age, but sprightly as any of the young men and is constantly employed. It takes the most of his time this winter to do the chores. His stock consists of 5 cows, 1 pair 2-year-old steers, 2 pairs of yearlings, 3 yearling heifers, 4 calves, a pair of horses, 1 yearling colt, and a snored sired by Cylex which is a beauty. Mr. Lucas has done well for many years raising fancy steers. The farm at present cuts 40 tons of hay. When he moved there it cut about 12 tons. He cleared from the solid forest about 25 acres which represent very many hard days' work. He is a son of one of them, Herbert, and his wife living in town. The others are well situated owning farms near by. The people do the most of their trading at North New Portland.

#### NEW 20TH CENTURY CREAM SEPARATORS

Sept. 1st marked the introduction of the improved 20th Century "Baby" or "Dairy" since De Laval Cream Separators and these newest "Alpha" disc machines are now being manufactured by anything else in the shape of a cream separator. Overwhelming as has been the conceded superiority of the De Laval machine, the new standard is now raised still higher and they are more than ever placed in a class by themselves as regards all the features of a cream separator. Send for our catalog.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c



#### ADULTERATED BIRNS AND MIXED FEEDS.

Mill Foods Mixed with Ground Corn Cobs. Refuse from Broom Corn Factories, etc., Now Being Sold in Maine as Pure Foods.

The refuse products from milling wheat and rye, when unmixed with other substances are exempt from the requirements of the feeding stuffs law, hence the Station has not collected and analyzed samples of this class of mill foods. From information derived from various sources and from the analysis of the few samples sent to us by correspondents, we believe that very many carloads of seriously adulterated by-products of wheat have been sold in Maine during the past six months.

These goods for the most part claim to be winter wheat, winter wheat mixed feed, etc. Such goods should carry about 16 per cent. protein; the samples examined carry from 9.6 per cent. to 12 per cent. The adulterants are the refuse from broom corn factories, corn cobs, and similar materials.

The jobbers handling these goods must know that they are not pure goods.

How far these goods have been sold knowingly and how far dealers have been imposed upon, there is no means of knowing. That the consumers have been imposed upon goes without saying. Dealers who are not handling them are desirous that their sale be stopped. Some large houses outside of the state have sent circulars to the leading jobbers in this state calling their attention to these fraudulent feeds.

The adulterated mill feeds thus far found are from the South. One milling company in Henderson, Kentucky, claims to have sold over 600 tons of adulterated mixed feed in Maine this fall.

These adulterated goods come under the provisions of the law regulating the sale of concentrated commercial feeding stuffs and the Station will endeavor to have this class of goods branded and guaranteed in accord with their actual composition. It is, however, better that the goods be not sold at all and the cooperation of feeders and honest dealers is asked in order to drive these low grade goods out of the state.

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—H. L. Lucas and wife moved from Industry to Lexington 42 years ago the 28th of March, 1900. They moved on to the farm they now occupy which consists of 116 acres with a lot of 50 acres more on the hill above. They have one of the finest farms in town, the tillage land being intervale pleasantly located on Sandy stream. Mr. Lucas is now 72 years of age, but sprightly as any of the young men and is constantly employed. It takes the most of his time this winter to do the chores. His stock consists of 5 cows, 1 pair 2-year-old steers, 2 pairs of yearlings, 3 yearling heifers, 4 calves, a pair of horses, 1 yearling colt, and a snored sired by Cylex which is a beauty. Mr. Lucas has done well for many years raising fancy steers. The farm at present cuts 40 tons of hay. When he moved there it cut about 12 tons. He cleared from the solid forest about 25 acres which represent very many hard days' work. He is a son of one of them, Herbert, and his wife living in town. The others are well situated owning farms near by. The people do the most of their trading at North New Portland.

—John A. Hanley of Bristol has a yoke of oxen, Durhams, 6 years old, that girt 7 ft. 6 in., and weigh 3,800 lbs. They are a valuable pair of cattle, for they are fine workers, well matched, and without blemish. Mr. Hanley lately sold Eugene Merrill a yoke of Herefords 7 ft. 8 in., and weighing 3,900 lbs.

—E. S. Batchelder of Montville has one of the best farms in Waldo county, and this year has raised 300 bushels of potatoes and 50 barrels of apples. He is now getting out some 20 cord of hemlock bark, which will be used in some of the near-by tanneries. Mr. Batchelder keeps some 18 head of cattle, and in the number has a pair of yearling steers which stand some six feet in height. He reports some excellent crops, and has had good luck in his farming, other than the hay, which fell off to a considerable extent.—Ex.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

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AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.  
OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.  
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GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager

THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1900.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.ONLY AGRICULTURAL  
NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. T. Woods Reed is calling on subscribers in Kennebec county.

Mr. F. S. Berry is calling upon subscribers in Somerset County.

Mr. E. M. Marks is calling upon subscribers in Aroostook county.

Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in Cumberland county.

Mr. H. H. Lander is calling on subscribers in Eastern Kennebec county.

...THE...

MAINE FARMER.  
12,000  
WEEKLY CIRCULATION.

Have you anything to sell?

USE THESE COLUMNS.

The classified ad. column will bring returns.

TRY IT.

This is the season when buyers are looking.

SECURE THEM.

Tell your story to 60,000  
MAINE FARMER readers  
weekly.THE LIVE,  
PROGRESSIVE,  
AGRICULTURAL  
NEWSPAPER  
OF THE EAST.

## Fearless, Unbiased, Independent.

Devoted to the home farm and  
farm home of the East, it is to  
be more outspoken in their  
half than ever.Sample Copy sent on applica-  
tion.Try the Maine Farmer for one  
month.Business was suspended in New York  
Monday and all over the country Abraham  
Lincoln's anniversary was fittingly  
observed.The University of Maine, receives this  
year from the National government grant  
to agricultural colleges, twenty-five  
thousand dollars.In Kentucky the republican legislature  
is in control at the State House at Frank-  
fort while the democratic body has or-  
ganized at London. Each has formally  
demanded the surrender of the other,  
and both have appealed to the courts.  
A peaceful solution is hoped for.The veterans of 1861-65 are in session  
this week in Portland, ex-Gov. Robie  
Commander, and as one looks upon the  
depleted ranks of those who saved the  
Union in those dark days, he must real-  
ize that the men and women of to-day  
have little conception of their struggles  
and sufferings or the debt we owe  
the boys in blue.The proposition of President McKinley  
to allow Porto Rico free access to  
our markets touched our agricultural in-  
terests at once and in a manner to call  
for prompt and decisive action. The  
open door which admits chiefly agricultural  
products can hardly promote the  
home industries. Do the workers on the  
farms realize the situation as now before  
them?It is just twenty years ago that Edison  
gave the first public exhibition of his  
incandescent light in his laboratory at  
Menlo Park, which led to the establish-  
ment of the first system of electrical light-  
ing ever established. Meanwhile with  
what magic the nights have turned into  
day the world over, and what fortunes  
have been made by this discovery!  
Dare any one dream what the next twenty  
years will bring us?The announcement is now made that  
Portland is to observe "Old Home Week"  
and the rest of the state is to play second  
fiddle. This is rich. Another sage de-  
clares that Portland, Lewiston and Po-  
land Springs are to be the centres.  
Somewhere we fancy that the boys and  
girls from Maine will not stop until they  
get back to the old hearthstones, examine  
the benches in the little schoolhouses  
and look for the notches and initials cut  
in the trees years ago. Not one city but  
every town is to give its welcome andevery hillside be made bright, for these  
men and women who have made the  
state famous came from the country  
homes in every part of the good old state.It seems a little strange that the Maine  
farmers should be feeding the British  
troops in Africa; yet such is the fact.One of the largest single shipments of  
potatoes for export ever made from  
New York went forward late last week,  
the consignment consisting of 15,000  
barrels, filling 90 cars, which had been  
sold to the British government for use in  
South Africa among the troops. The  
goods were bought for the most part in  
Maine and consisted of this season's crop.With the subscription price at  
only \$1.00 a year, the Maine Farmer  
is giving more live reading  
matter than any other paper, but  
that we may serve our subscribers  
in every way possible, this  
GREAT OFFER is made, to  
remain open for a brief period.The remarkable increase in our  
subscription list during the past  
few months is very gratifying, and  
though we have now reached the  
12,000 mark, it is our desire to  
swell the list to 20,000 before  
spring.With the subscription price at  
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GREAT OFFER is made, to  
remain open for a brief period.The tax that was so odious to the farmers  
of that time that many refused to pay it.  
Therefore it doesn't seem to me that the  
editor of the Farmer should have with-  
held his assent to this generally recog-  
nized rule of taxation until he could  
have a bill of particulars as to just how  
the deficiency caused by the release of  
the estates could be supplied. Never-  
theless there is no difficulty in making up  
for this deficiency, for if the railroad  
stock in the state that was given by the  
state assessors report for 1898 at nearly  
41 millions of dollars was taxed as the  
farms are, this property that is now pay-  
ing substantial dividends and exempt from  
all local taxes would alone yield a  
revenue equal to the amount of the real  
estate tax.The value of our wild lands is given  
in the same report at 16 millions but it  
is well known that three times that sum  
would not buy them, but here again legis-  
lation is to be sought before any radical  
change can be expected, and at the valuation  
suggested, the total tax would be  
only about \$100,000. Mr. McLaughlin  
falls in that he has no well-defined policy  
to set in their own municipalities.At the present time, we have, in this  
state, 9,152,833 acres of wild land, ex-  
clusive of public lots, valued by the as-  
sessors at practically \$1.78 per acre, the  
total being \$16,238,828.00, and the tax  
is \$4,656.77. Mr. McLaughlin declares  
that three times this valuation would  
not purchase them, but here again legis-  
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change can be expected, and at the valuation  
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only about \$100,000. Mr. McLaughlin  
falls in that he has no well-defined policy  
to set in their own municipalities.The Congregational church and par-  
ish have extended a call to Rev. Norman  
McKinnon, Foxcroft, and it is expected  
he will accept. Mr. McKinnon will meet  
with a hearty welcome, and Augusta is  
to be congratulated on the choice made  
by this church and parish.The two bridges on Bond brook and the  
break of the large water pipe near the  
gas house constitute the bulk of the  
damage to Augusta by the storm of  
February 10, but as the waters began to  
recede there was great anxiety as to  
the high water mark was rapidly being  
reached when the storm subsided.The mercury playing between  
zero and fifty above in rapid  
succession the past week has been one  
calling for cast iron constitutions and  
dulled sensibilities. Rubber boots in  
the morning walk through the slush  
and mud at night to get over the ice  
makes this climate in the month of  
February, 1900, one to be looked back  
upon with thankfulness by all who es-  
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February, 1900, one to be looked back  
upon with thankfulness by all who es-  
caped.Relied is to be secured by such changes  
in the organic law of the state as will  
place upon corporate property a just and  
fair valuation and rate of taxation, and  
secure from the assessors of every mu-  
nicipality, valuations in accordance with  
the law of the state, bringing to view the  
personal property represented by rail-  
road, gas, electric, water and all other  
forms of bonds, notes, mortgages and  
securities.Until Mr. McLaughlin presents a  
straight-out proposition, he cannot com-  
plain if his demand remains unanswered,  
and until then he has no ground to  
charge opposition. The Farmer stands  
solid lots to actual settlers, so that the  
revenue might be used to defray the ex-  
penses of the state as well as have that  
region blossom with cultivated farms  
and independent and happy homes, but  
that advice was not followed and these  
lands went largely into the hands of pri-  
vate speculators, and this "imperial dom-  
ain" now yields the state a revenue of  
less than fifty thousand a year.Nearly every farmer that I explained  
this plan of relief to while through the  
country last fall approved it, and many  
would suggest new sources from which  
revenue might be derived, as for instance,  
one of the largest business men in  
Sagadahoc in discussing the plan re-  
ferred to the vast amount of fish that  
were taken on our coast within the three  
mile limit by fishing fleets owned by  
New York capitalists and taken ashore  
and the oil extracted. This gentleman  
said it was a hardship for our hard pushed  
farmers to be taxed the way they were,  
and such men as Chauncey Dewey and other  
New York millionaires to be allowed to  
come or send here and carry away a vast  
amount of our wealth yearly when a small tax on every barrel of that  
oil would never be felt by these  
farmers and would yield the state a  
handful for all these purposes.The brief of the matter is that one  
does not have to travel over the state  
long and converse with our intelligent  
farmers and business men to become  
convinced that our whole practice of  
taxation is sadly in need of a radical  
reconstruction, and if there was any doubt  
remaining, the last report of the state  
assessors would supply the balance of  
argument. I am satisfied that when the  
farmers get after this matter before the  
next legislature they will be satisfied  
with half-way measures but will  
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The



## The Story of an African Farm.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

"That blue mountain far away—let us stop when we get to it, not before." She closed her eyes again. He drew the sails down before and behind, and the wagon rolled away slowly. The landlady and the piggery stood to watch it from the "stoop."

Very silently the great wagon rolled along the grass covered plain. The driver on the front box did not clasp his whip or call to his oxen, and Gregory sat beside him with folded arms. Behind Niem, in the closed wagon, she lay, with the dog at her feet, very quiet, with folded hands. He (Gregory) dared not be in there. Like Hagar when she laid her treasure down in the wilderness, he sat afar off. "For Hagar said, Let me not see the death of the child."

Evening came, and yet the blue mountain was not reached, and all the next day they rode on slowly, but still it was far off. Only at evening when they reached it, not blue now, but low and brown, covered with long waving grasses and rough stones. They drew the wagon up close to its foot for the night. It was a sheltered, warm spot.

The night was growing very old when from a long, peaceful sleep Lyndall awoke. The candle burned at her head. The dog lay on her feet, but he shivered. It seemed as though a coldness struck up to him from his resting place. She lay with folded hands, looking upward, and she heard the oxen chewing, and she saw the two mosquitoes buzzing drearily round and round, and her thoughts ran far back into the past.

Through these months of anguish a mist had rested on her mind. It was rolled together now, and the old clear intellect awoke from its long torpor. It looked back into the past. It saw the present. There was no future now. The old strong soul gathered itself together for the last time. It knew where it stood.

Slowly raising herself on her elbow, she took from the sail a glass that hung pinned there. Her fingers were stiff and cold. She put the pillow on her breast and stood the glass against it. Then the white face on the pillow looked into the white face in the glass. They had looked at each other often so before. It had been a child's face once, looking out above its blue pinnafore. It had been a woman's face, with a dim shadow in the eyes and a something which had said: "We are not afraid, you and I. We are together. We will fight, you and I!" Now tonight it had come to this. The dying eyes on the pillow looked into the dying eyes in the glass. They knew that their hour had come. She raised one hand and pressed the stiff fingers against the glass. They were growing very stiff. She tried to speak to it, but she would never speak again. Only the wonderful yearning light was in the eyes still. The body was dead now, but the soul, clear and unclouded, looked forth.

Then slowly, without a sound, the dead face that the glass reflected was a thing of marvelous beauty and tranquillity. The gray down crept in over it and saw it lying there.

Had she found what she sought—something to worship? Had she come from being? Who shall tell us? There is a veil of terrible mist over the face of the hereafter.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

DREAMS.

"Tell me what a soul desires, and I will tell you what it is." So runs the phrase.

"Tell me what a man dreams, and I will tell you what he loves." That also has its truth.

On the night when Gregory told his story Waldo sat alone before the fire, his untasted supper before him. He was weary after his day's work, too weary to eat. He put the plate down on the floor for Doss, who licked it clean and then went back to his corner. After a time the master threw himself across the foot of the bed without undressing and fell asleep there. He slept so long that the candle burned itself out and the room was in darkness. But he dreamed a lovely dream as he lay there.

In his dream, to his right rose high mountains, their tops crowned with snow, their sides clothed with bush and bathed in the sunshine. At their feet was the sea blue and breezy, bluer than any earthly sea, like the sea he had dreamed of in his boyhood. In the narrow forest that ran between the mountains and the sea the air was rich with the scent of the honey creeper that hung from dark green bushes, and through the velvety grass little streams ran purling down into the sea. He sat on a high, square rock among the bushes, and Lyndall sat by him and sang to him. She was only a small child, with a blue pinnafore and a grave, little face. He was looking up at the mountains. Then suddenly when he looked round she was gone. He slipped down from his rock and went to look for her, but he found only her little footprints. He found them on the bright green grass and in the moist sand and there where the little streams ran purling down into the sea. In and out, in and out, and among the bushes where the honey creeper hung, he went looking for her.

At last, far off, in the sunshine, he saw her gathering shells upon the sand. She was not a child now, but a woman, and the sun shone on her soft brown hair, and in her white dress she put the shells she gathered. She was stooping, but when she heard his step she stood up, holding her skirt close about her, and waited for his coming. One hand she put in his, and together they walked on over the glittering sand and pink seashells, and they heard the leaves talking, and they heard the water babbling on their way to the sea, and they heard the sea singing to itself, singing, singing.

At last they came to a place where was a long stretch of pure white sand. There she stood still and dropped on to the sand one by one the shells that she had gathered. Then she looked up into his face with her beautiful eyes. She said nothing; but she lifted one hand and laid it softly on his forehead. The other she laid on his heart.

With a cry of suppressed agony Waldo sprang from the bed, flung open the upper half of the door and leant out, breathing heavily.

Great God! It might be only a dream, but the pain was very real, as though a

knife ran through his heart, as though some treacherous murderer crept on him in the dark! The strong man drew his breath like a frightened woman.

"Only a dream, but the pain was very real," he muttered as he pressed his right hand upon his breast. Then he folded his arms on the door and stood looking out into the starlight.

The dream was with him still. The woman who was his friend was not separated from him by years. Only that very night he had seen her. He looked up into the night sky that all his life long had mingled itself with his existence. There were a thousand faces that he loved looking down at him, a thousand stars in their glory, in crowns and circles and solitary grandeur. To the man they were not less dear than to the boy they had been not less mysterious, yet he looked up at them and shuddered, at last turned away from them with horror. Such countless multitudes, stretching out into space, and yet not in one of them all was she! Though he searched through them all, to the farthest, faintest point of light, nowhere should he ever say, "She is here!" Tomorrow's sun would rise and gild the world's mountains and shine into its thousand valleys. It would set and the stars crept out again. Year after year, century after century, the old changes of nature would go on, day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, but in none of them all would she have part!

He shut the door to keep out their hideous shrieking and because the dark was intolerable lighted a candle and paced the little room faster and faster yet. He saw before him the long ages of eternity that would roll on, on, and never bring her. She would exist no more. A dark mist filled the little room.

"Oh, little hand! Oh, little voice!

"Little form!" he cried. "Oh, little soul that walked with mine! Oh, little soul that looked so fearlessly down into the depths, do you exist no more forever, for all time?" He cried more bitterly: "It is for this hour—this—that men blind reason and crush out thought! For this hour—this, they harter truth and knowledge take any lie, any creed, so it does not whisper to them—if the dead that they are dead! O God, God, for a hereafter!"

Muttering to himself, Waldo walked with bent head, the mist in his eyes.

To the soul's wild cry for its own there are many answers. He began to think of them. Was not there one of them all from which he might seek one drop of comfort?

"You shall see her again," says the Christian, the true Bible Christian. "Yes; you shall see her again. And I saw the dead, great and small, stand before God. And the books were opened, and the dead were judged from those things which were written in the books. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death." Yes; you shall see her again. She died so, with her knee upon her, with her hand raised, with a prayer unuttered, in the pride of her intellect and the strength of her youth. She loved, and she was loved. But she said no prayer to God; she cried for no mercy; she repented of no sin! Yes; you shall see her again."

In his bitterness Waldo laughed low.

As he lay long censed to the hellish voice!

But yet another speaks.

"You shall see her again," says the nineteenth century Christian, deep into whose soul modern unbelief and thought have crept, though he knows it not. He is who uses their Bibles as the pearl fishers use their nets, sorting out gems from fashions. He sets his pearls after his own fashion, and sets them well. "Do not fear," says he. "Hell and judgment are not. God is love. I know that beyond this blue sky above us is a love as widespread over all. The All Father will show her to you again—not spirit only. The little hands, the little feet, you loved—you shall be down and kiss them if you will. Christ arose and did eat and drink. So shall she arise. The dead, all the dead, raised incorruptible! God is love. You shall see her again."

It is a heavenly song this of the nineteenth century Christian. A man might dry his tears to listen to it but for one thing—Waldo muttered to himself confusedly:

"The thing I loved was a woman proud and young. It had a mother once, who, dying, kissed her little baby and prayed God that she might set it again. If it had lived, the loved thing would itself have had a son, who, when he closed the weary eyes and smoothed the wrinkled forehead of his mother, would have prayed God to see that old face smile again in the hereafter. To the son heaven will be no heaven if the sweet worn face is not in one of the choirs. He will look for it through the phalanx of God's glorified angels, and the youth will look for the maid, and the mother for the baby. And whose then shall she be at the resurrection of the dead?"

"Ah, God! Ah, God! A beautiful dream!" he cried. "But can any one dream it not sleeping?"

Waldo panted, moaning in agony and longing.

He heard the transcendentalist's high answer:

"What have you to do with flesh, the gross and miserable garment in which spirit hides itself? You shall see her again. But the hand, the foot, the forehead, you loved you shall see no more. The loves, the fears, the frailties, that are born with the flesh, with the flesh shall die. Let them die!"

There is that in man that cannot die, a seed, a germ, an embryo, a spiritual essence. Higher than she was on earth, as the tree is higher than the seed, the man than the embryo, so shall you behold her, changed, glorified!"

High words, ringing well. They are the offering of jewels to the hungry, of gold to the man who dies for bread. Bread is corruption; gold is incorruptible. Bread is light; gold is heavy. Bread is common; gold is rare. But the hungry man will barter all your mines for one morsel of bread. Around God's throne there may be choirs and companies of angels, cherubim and seraphim, rising tier above tier, but not for one of them all does the soul cry aloud, only perhaps for a little human woman, full of sin, that it once loved!"

"Change is death, change is death!" he cried. "I want no angel, only she no holler and no better, with all her sins upon her. So give her me or give me nothing!"

Just out of reach, is where every man would like to be when danger threatened him. Disease is more dangerous than any wild beast. To be just out of reach of disease, is safer than to engage it in a death struggle with doubtful results.

The secret of keeping just out of reach

of disease is in keeping pure blood, pure blood offers no breeding ground for disease germs. Rich blood creates a vigorous vital force to resist disease. This ideal condition of the blood is best obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In thousands of cases where there has been obstinate cough, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other diseases, the use of which if neglected lead on to consumption. "Golden Medical Discovery" has healed the disease and put the life just out of reach of the destroyer.

"Perhaps it might not suit all people at all times as well as it suits you, Tant' Sannie," said Em. There was a little shade of weariness in the voice.

"I'm glad you are going to be married, my child," said Tant' Sannie as she drained the last drop from her coffee cup. "I wouldn't say so while that boy was here. It would make him too conceited. But marriage is the finest thing in the world. I've been at it three times, and if it pleased God to take this husband from me I should have another. There's nothing like it, my child, nothing."

Here the little Bush girl came running to say that the horses would stand no longer, and still breathing out vengeance against her old adversary, she labored toward the cart. Shaking hands and affectionately kissing Em, she was with some difficulty drawn up. Then slowly the cart rolled away. Em stood watching it for a time. Then as the sun dazzled her eyes she turned away. There was no use in going to sit with Gregory. He liked best sitting there alone, staring across the green "karroo," and till the maid had done churning there was nothing to do, so Em walked away to the end of Waldo's table and sat there, swinging one little foot slowly to and fro, while the wooden curbs from the plane heaped themselves up against her black print dress.

"Waldo," said she at last, "Gregory has given me the money he got for the wagon and oxen, and I have 50 besides that once belonged to some one. I know what they would have liked to have done with it. You must take it and go to some place and study for a year or two."

"No, little one, I will not take it," he said as he plied slowly away. "The time was when I would have been very grateful to any one who would have given me a little money, a little help, a little power of gaining knowledge. But now I have gone so far alone I may go on to the end. I don't want it, little one."

"Why is it always you, Waldo—always?" she said. "We long for things and long for them and pray for them, we would give all we have to come near to them, but we never reach them. Then at last, too late, just when we don't want them any more, when all the sweetness is taken out of them, then we come. We don't want them then."

"Not that I've done much in that way myself," said Tant' Sannie sorrowfully. "Rose with some difficulty from her chair and began moving slowly to ward the door.

"It's a strange thing," she said, "but you can't love a man till you've had a baby by him. Now, there's that boy there. When we were first married, he only sneezed in the night I boxed his ears. Now if he lets his pipe ash come on my milk clothes I don't think of laying a finger on him. There's nothing like being married," said Tant' Sannie as she puffed toward the door.

"If a woman's got a baby and a husband, she's got the best things the Lord can give her, if only the baby doesn't have convulsions. As for a husband, it's very much the same who one has. Some men are fat, and some men are thin, some men drink brandy, and some men drink gin, but it all comes to the same thing in the end; it's all one. A man's a man, you know."

Here they came upon Gregory, who was sitting in the shade before the house. Tant' Sannie shook hands with him.

"I'm glad you're going to get married," she said. "I hope you'll have as many children in five years as a cow has calves, and more too. I think I'll just go and have a look at your soap before I go to bed," said, turning to Em. "Not that I believe in this new plan of putting soda in the pot. If the dear Father had meant soda to put into soap, what would he have made? mud-milk bushes for soap and them all over the 'veld' as thick as lambs in the lambing season?"

She waddled off after Em in the direction of the built in soap pot, leaving Gregory as they found him, with his dead pipe lying on the bench beside him and his blue eyes gazing out far across the flat, like one who sits on the seashore watching that which is fading, fading from him. Against his breast was a letter found in a desk addressed to him, but never posted. It held only four words, "You must marry me." He wore it in a black bag round his neck. It was so gaudy that they thought men were dangerous. Even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep and, coming back from his sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But the chicken eyed the hand askance and then ran off to hide under its mother's wing, and from beneath it it sometimes put out its round head to peep at the great figure sitting there. Presently its brothers ran off after a little white moth, and it ran out to join them, and when the moth fluttered away over their heads they stood looking up, disappointed, and then ran back to their mother. Waldo through his half closed eyes looked at them. Thinking, fearing, craving, those tiny sparks of brother life, what were they, so real in that old yard on that sunshiny afternoon? A few years—where would they be? Strange little brother-spirits! He stretched his hand toward them, for his heart went out to them, but not one of the little creatures came nearer him, and he watched them gravely for a time. Then he smiled and began muttering to himself after his old fashion.

"Gregory is going to the town tomorrow. He is going to give in our banns to the minister. We are going to be married in three weeks."

Waldo lifted her very gently from the table. He did not congratulate her. Perhaps he thought of the empty box, but he kissed her forehead gravely.

She walked away toward the house, but stopped when she had got half way. "I will bring you a glass of buttermilk when it is cold," she called out, and soon her clear voice was ringing out through the large windows as she sang the "Blue Water" to her self and washed the butter.

Waldo did not wait till she returned. Perhaps he had at last really grown weary of work; perhaps he felt the wagon house chilly for he had shuddered two or three times, though that was hardly likely in that warm summer weather, or perhaps, and most probably, one of his old dreams had come upon him suddenly. He put his tools carefully together, ready for tomorrow, and walked slowly out. At last only four words, "You must marry me." He wore it in a black bag round his neck. It was so gaudy that they thought men were dangerous. Even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep and, coming back from his sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But she did not receive this. I have not seen her since Richard died. I would not be a good deal, have her know that the pretty valentine was not intended for her."

"Well, that is what it says; 'I don't care if you have anything about me, though I care for you.' I never said anything like that to you," she said, "but she did not receive this. I have not seen her since Richard died. I would not be a good deal, have her know that the pretty valentine was not intended for her."

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## AUNT JENNY'S VALENTINE.

BY FLORA M. SEARLES.

There were once two little boys, Ralph and Ernest Pendleton. They were not bad boys at all, but they did sometimes at one time which I have always thought was rather naughty, and though it had the very best possible ending it was not through any intent of theirs.

In a little, white cottage, not far from the barn, there lived a widow who was not a bit fond of boys. She would scold them whenever they went to her house or she went to theirs, and call them "miserable creatures," and "little sinners;" and what made it seem a great deal worse, she was their own aunt, their father's sister.

One February afternoon Ernest and Ralph shook all the money from their pockets. Then going down town they bought a valentine card as pretty and dainty as any in the big city, the other as ridiculous as they could find.

"As I said before, these boys were not bad—in fact, almost everybody thought them very good,—and it was really unjust for their aunt to treat them so. What do you think they did with those valentines?" "Why, they wrote on the pretty one, 'We send this because we love you.' Ralph and Ernest Pendleton, and on the other, 'Aunt Jenny, we think you awful cross, and we send this horrid old thing because we think it looks just like you.' They did not sign any name to this."

"I guess that will make her mad enough," said Ralph. "I don't care, it will pay her back, anyhow." Ernest replied. They then directed one to their grandmother, and one to their aunt and carried them to the post office.

Aunt Jenny was washing dishes the next morning when the postman brought her mail. Drying her hands on a towel, and muttering something about being bothered, she sat down to read her letters.

"What is this, I wonder?" she said, holding up a large envelope. "Some trick, I dare say. Nobody ever writes to me unless they are obliged to. I declare!" she exclaimed a moment later, "it is a valentine! and such a one as I have never seen! a prettier one in my life. Who sent this? I have not had one since I was eighteen," and Aunt Jenny's thoughts went back to her girlhood days. It was some time before she was finally reminded where she was by a tear that coursed down her wrinkled cheek and dropped upon her hand. With a quick start, she brushed away another that was quickly following.

"I didn't know I was such a goose," she said, "sitting and crying over a valentine, and letting my dishwater get cold."

Then for the first time she saw these words:

"We send this because we love you.—Ralph and Ernest Pendleton."

"Ralph and Ernest Pendleton love me! What nonsense! I don't believe a word of it." But after reading the words over again, her voice softened as she continued:

"Well, that is what it says; 'I don't see why they should care anything about me, though; I never gave them any reason to that I can think of. I supposed I was the last person in the world whom anybody loved, let alone those boys. I don't understand it at all; either they are trying to heap coals of fire on my poor old head, or I have misjudged their feelings.' And then again and again Aunt Jenny wiped away a tear."

Just then Grandma Pendleton entered the room. Aunt Jenny looked up with some confusion. "Good morning, mother," she said. "That?" she replied to grandma's query, "well, you will hardly credit it, but that is a valentine, and though I am almost ashamed to own it, it has made me feel quite young."

An hour later grandma rose to go. Aunt Jenny passed her a letter, directed to Ralph and Ernest, to be left at the post office as she went along.

When the dear old lady reached home, she found a valentine for her, and as she read the words: "Aunt Jenny, we think you awful cross, and we send this horrid old thing, because we think it looks just like you," she said, "What?" she replied to grandma's query, "well, you will hardly credit it, but that is a valentine, and though I am almost ashamed to own it, it has made me feel quite young."

"I am glad," she said, "that Jenny did not receive this. I have not seen her so happy since Richard died. I would not, for a good deal, have her know that that pretty valentine was not intended for her."

Grandma knew what Ernest and Ralph thought of their aunt, and she was glad they had made a mistake in directing the envelopes, and that no one had received the "horrid old thing" but herself; for she did not care, and as she said, "It would have embittered Jenny as much as the other one has pleased her."

That same afternoon, Ernest came running into the house with a letter. "Ralph!" he called, "where are you?" "From whom?" asked Ralph, looking up from the book he was reading.

"Just listen to this: 'Aunt Jenny Robinson requests the pleasure of your company on this occasion, February 14th, 1898.'"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ralph, "It is some kind of trick or trap to get us for her. I shall not go a step."

"'Nonsense!'" returned his brother; "a nice way not to come to you over, wasn't it? But we know you of old, Mrs. Robinson."

"Well, you have not read it all," said Ernest. "Why, so I haven't," and Ernest read: "My dear nephews, I was very much pleased with the pretty token you sent me this morning, and still more so with the assurance that you sent it because you loved me. I fear I do not deserve it, but if you will come over this evening, I will see that you have a good time."

"Aunt Jenny's goodness!" cried Ralph, "we've sent the homely one to grandma!"

"Another moment and they were running towards grandma's as fast as they could run, to "explain things," and grandma understood all about it. And she told them how glad she was that it had happened just as it did, how pleased Aunt Jenny was, that she had invited them to her house to repay them for their kindness, and when she had finished the boys had decided to accept the invitation.

"As all boys like good things, Mrs. Robinson's supper was pronounced a success."

"And I didn't know," said Ernest as he was telling his mamma about it afterwards, "that auntie could be so jolly. She was as good as could be, let me look at pictures, and play games, and she didn't scold us either. Ralph and I felt kind of mean all the time, though, to think we had intended to give her a pretty valentine in the first place. But mamma," he added, "I am glad we made that mistake, and the next time we want to do it by being kind to them, for we know that it is the best way in the world."

Aunt Jenny never knew of the mistake, and once opening her heart to the children, she was a favorite among them ever after.

## Home Department.

## EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Maine Farmer.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MRS. W. G. EMMONS OF LEWISTON.

She has entered the City of pure delight, By the side of the Jasper sea, Where she will welcome you and me.

Metaphysic love her radiant face As before the throne she stands, A pearl within the highest place, A pearl within the highest place.

To loved ones left on the distant shore, 'Mid loneliness, sorrow and pain, Missing her presence and counsel sore, But knowing their loss is gain.

Her voice, a cheerful voice— The prize is beyond the cost; Makes the cross of Christ your earthly choice And let not a moment be lost.

To the share of her transient joy Who smoothed life's rugged way In bright or darkest day—

Be faithful just a few more years There's a crown awaiting you; Then a few more prayers, a few more tears, And Heaven will open to view.

E. M. H.

## KINDNESS.

We do not need a large store of this world's goods to be able to dispense kindness bountifully to our neighbors. We have all felt with Shakespeare, "There is a kind of good to say well; and yet words are needed."

The expression of loving sympathy and interest in another's pleasure or sorrow, the word of strengthening counsel or generous praise, even the glance of compassion or comprehension may do more to cheer and help than a substantial gift. There are burdens which can be lightened by those intangible offerings that could not be lifted by the most costly present.

Life brings us in contact with many sorrowful hearts. We who are no longer young know that the patience which is born of experience is meant to be shared with others who have not yet learned the lesson that grief brings to their elders. If the spirit of loving kindness reigns in our hearts, we will find many ways of manifesting it. They seem too trifling to enumerate; indeed, they are so small that each one must find them for herself and watch for them, or they will escape her. A few strokes taken for a tired mother whose hands are more full with the care of children and household, fruit, flowers and vegetables gathered from our abundance and sent to those who cannot afford to buy them; the magazine or newspaper which has ministered to our own enjoyment, forwarded to the lonely country home, where it will be a treat joyfully welcomed—these seem such small contributions to the heap of happiness that many of us who hold them in our hands forget to add them to it. Yet they are all of greater value than the cup of cold water whose bestowal was singled out for commendation.

Our kindly ministrations must be mixed with tact, or we shall hurt more often than we help. Favors must be gently offered, not cast at the recipient. The doing of them must be considered as a privilege to ourselves, not as a benefit conferred upon another. We must be willing to help people in their own way, doing as they wish, not as we consider best, viewing the matter from their standpoint, and trying, as far as possible, to put ourselves in their places. True kindness of heart teaches a delicacy of feeling that enables us to deal with others as we should wish to be dealt with ourselves. Kindness may run into excess, like any other virtue, and become officious. This will not happen if it is kept in check by the invaluable common sense, which has been rightly defined as "sense about common things."

Middlemores persons are as trying as mosquitoes, and as such must be kept at a distance. When our kind offices are rejected, we may suspect that we have been too pressing in our attentions, and look well to our doings to see where the fault lies.

We all desire to be loved. The heart overflowing with kindness that manifests itself in constant helpfulness, courtesy and good will to those around it, wins love. The kind face is an irresistible attraction, the kindly manner brings an answering thrill of warm regard from those who come under its influence. The kind word is always appreciated.

The little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love leave an impress on the countenance that inspires instant confidence, and charms all hearts, binds them securely and surely with the strong cords of love.

ADDE.

TEMPERANCE.

We have often wondered whether it might not be true that some temperance advocates accomplish less than they

might in the way of persuasion and conviction because they pitch their appeals in too high a key. When we read a temperance article we expect to find a graphic portrayal of the drunkard's course and doom. The leading argument in most temperance tracts, books and lectures is drawn from the consideration that even the most moderate drinker is in danger of becoming a sot. We have no disposition to depreciate the force of this appeal. To our own minds it is very strong. There is certainly grave peril that the first glass may be the beginning of a habit which will ultimately carry its victim to a drunkard's grave.

But there is another line of appeal for temperance that also has weight, namely, the consideration that when alcoholic stimulants are not used in what would be called "excess," their use, except when it is purely medicinal, almost invariably involves weakened nerves, lessened capacity for work, less resistance against physical and moral strains, and less power to grasp the real prizes of life. We believe that it can be demonstrated that there is many a man in an inferior position simply because he has formed the habit of moderate indulgence in alcohol. In some crisis of his personal history when the clear sightedness, sound judgment and courage were needed for him to see his opportunity, and make the most of it, he failed because he was not quite the man he might have been if he had not weakened his natural powers by this indulgence.

We pity the men who cannot give their children the advantages they would like to, whose wives are domestic drudges, and who are the first to be compelled to submit to a reduction of pay when "the times are hard." But when we find that the man has been used to his own glass of beer or toddy we wonder if knowledge of his life-history would not show that his lack of the quality which bridges the chasm between almost and quite a success, may not be found in the indulgence of him. The happiness of life is made up of little courtesies, little kindnesses; pleasant words, loving smiles, and good deeds. One in a million once in his life time may do an heroic act, but the little things which make up our life come every hour and every day.

We are persuaded that an argument for total abstinence lies in this direction of which our ordinary temperance teaching does not make nearly enough. Every ambitious young man desires to make his way in the world, to be a man among men, to win the love of a good woman, and to be able to support her in honor and comfort. The wine cup and the glass of beer may or may not press the formation of a habit which will drag a man down to the depths of dishonor. But whether they do or not, if the best accredited results of medical research are worth anything, the formation of the drink habit, though one may never indulge to "excess," means a discounting of one's personal capacity and force in the inevitable competitions of life, which may mean all the difference between a successful career and the failure, for which no one can exactly account, but which every observer is forced to acknowledge.—*Gospel Banner*.

BOARD AN ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

BY HATTIE LUMMIS.

It really was not a spot where one would expect to overhear a temperance lecture, this gay little watering-place on the Pacific coast where tourists from all parts of the country meet for a few days, treat each other like old friends, and then separate with the chances against their meeting again in this world. It was such a party which was enjoying a short ocean trip in a little electric launch, when a thoughtless joke turned the conversation into serious channels.

"No, sir," said the boatman, against whom the jest had been directed. "I don't drink." There was a dignity on his bronzed, kindly face that held the attention of his little audience, and he added earnestly, "Whiskey and my business old go together."

The first speech that Patrick made was very nervous, as it was his first case. Presently we saw the learned and eloquent Rev. —— Henry, Patrick's uncle, drive up, and the young lawyer dashed out and said, "Sir, I have spoken never in my life, and your presence will only add to my embarrassment, and for my sake I beg you go away." His uncle said, "Patrick, I am surprised to find you arrayed against the ministry." Now came Patrick's turn. He arose and stood a moment in an awkward manner, and then he began and faltered in his speech. The people exchanged glances and winked at each other, but his whole being changed as he proceeded, and it is said that his old father almost sank behind the bench in shame when he first began.

The first speech that Patrick made was very nervous, as it was his first case. Presently we saw the learned and eloquent Rev. —— Henry, Patrick's uncle, drive up, and the young lawyer dashed out and said, "Sir, I have spoken never in my life, and your presence will only add to my embarrassment, and for my sake I beg you go away."

"I guess it wouldn't do for a boatman to get drunk," admitted the man who had started the subject.

"It wouldn't do for him to drink at all," returned the boatman, sticking to his point. "For this kind of work he needs all the brains he's got. In my opinion he's unfit for it after he's taken the first glass."

"Same way in my profession," said a doctor from Denver. "Every physician should be a teetotaler, and so should every surgeon. It's a kind of work where the least clouding of the faculties, the slightest unsteadiness of the hand, may cause a fall."

"I'm not a professional man," said a keen-eyed New Yorker with an unmistakable air of prosperity, "but I've found that a fellow who succeeds in business nowadays needs all the brains Nature gave him. More failures begin with wine suppers than in any other way, in my humble opinion."

The spectators, gentleman in the bow of the boat had listened with interest to these various bits of testimony. "I never take so much as a glass of wine," he remarked, "but I know much concerning the wrecks drink makes of men. I'm a specialist on insanity. In about nine-tenths of my cases, insanity is due to the intemperate habits of the patient, or the least of his drink."

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## Painful Periods

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will promptly set right; if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so varyingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cure.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it word by word; he who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle. The happiness of life is made up of little courtesies, little kindnesses; pleasant words, loving smiles, and good deeds. One in a million once in his life time may do an heroic act, but the little things which make up our life come every hour and every day.

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THE BOOK for BOYS.

THE REASON.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing, "Boys may whistle, but girls must sing." That's the very thing I heard her say to Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may. If they pucker their lips the proper way; But for the life of me I can't see Why Kate can't whistle as well as I.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing." Now I call that a curious thing. If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too? It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well, Why can't girls—will somebody tell? Why can't they do what a boy can do? That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why Girls couldn't whistle as well as I. And he said, "The reason that girls must sing is because a girl's a singin'-girl."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache when I said I thought it was all a joke. "Never mind, little boy," I heard her say. "They will make you whistle enough some day."

—New Orleans Picayune.

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THE BOOK for BOYS.

THE FAVORITE.

WHO CLAIMS THE FIRST ONE?

WHO CLAIMS THE FIRST ONE? THE FAVORITE, for girls and boys from six to ten or eleven. If any of you want to take it, please write to Pauline Hanson, Sanford, Maine, Box 115, and I will send you a sample copy. This last time it was a patriotic number with lovely stories of great men and by getting so many subscribers you can get most anything. If you send in soon enough you will get the last number and it has a premium list that tells what you can get.

PAULINE HANSON.

We publish more of the Pocahontas letters in this issue. As we are good, we did not like to omit any, but I think we have had enough now and all must have learned something about the "Lady Rebecca." I hope we shall continue to have letters from different authors and various things. If too many write about the same person, it is a little wearisome after a time. We like to have you, in your own language, tell us about the

